HOW VESTA TILLEY GETS INTO HER DRESS SUIT.

Sketches of the "Best Dressed Man in New York."

Made in Her Dressing Room at Weber & Field's.

ONE evening not many months ago a man sat in the first row in the music hall where I was singing in London.

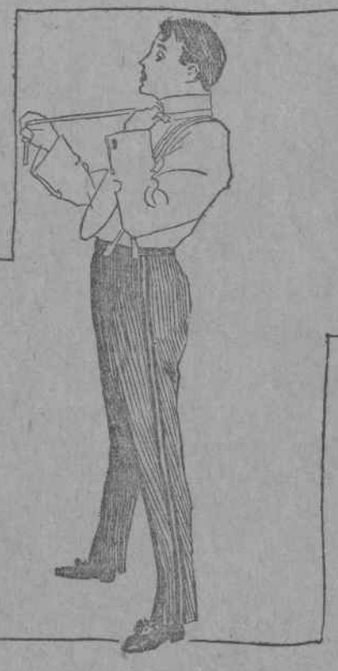
He was a stranger, and seemed to enjoy my act. When I responded to a curtain call he grinned with excessive appreciation and remarked aloud to the friend beside him: "The best dressed man of the day. That's what she is." The audience took it up, repeated the phrase and cheered again. The red-faced, bald-pated man who started it looked delighted, and I may waive modesty sufficiently to say that I was not displeased.

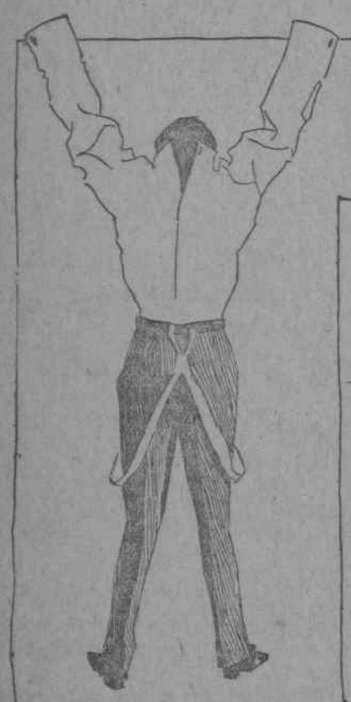
That line has followed and stuck to me with astonishing persistence. I hear chappies whisper it as I pass through theatre lobbies, and pretty women form the words in pretty moues from the other side of the footlights.

They tell me since I have come from the other side that a man from Chicago, J. Waldere Kirk, I think they call him, disputes my title. They say he contends that a gentleman should change his clothes eight times a day. I differ from him. A dude may find it necessary to his peace of mind so to do, but a gentleman does his duty to fashion and the proprieties by changing three times. A morning, an afternoon and an evening suit quite suffice for his comfort and elegance. What I regard as the correct thing in that line I will tell you later on.

How do I maintain my position as the best-dressed man of the day? By eternal vigilance. Dust must be warded off as something pestilential. Wrinkles in cloth are as much to be dreaded by a well-dressed man as wrinkles of the skin by feminine beauties.

To maintain that position for one evening is not so difficult. First there is the





makeup, three shades deeper than that of the American actress, and two more than the American actor, for I never forget that I am to impersonate a ruddy-cheeked countryman of mine. Then there is the hair. They tell me that the public is a good deal puzzled about my hair. My word! It is easy after it is explained. But it has been a great grief to me, that hair. Every one must sacrifice something to her art, and I have sacrificed my hair. It was heavy and fell below my waist once. It was my "good point" and I don't mind saying that I was proud of its fluffy, black waves. But it had to go, for my head would have looked Titan-like in a wig over that hairy mass. I had it shorn till it reached a tiny bit below my shoulders. There were a few tears when it was done.

I confess it. What woman would part with her crowning glory, even for her art, without such a manifestation? It had to be thinned too, a third or more of it cut away in wisps here and there all over my head. Once a month I have it thinned in the same way. A little of it is kept short on the temples and about the ears. I brush it back over the wig and that softens what might otherwise be the harsh effect of my mangy-looking little wig. That wig is fifteen years old. I have tried in vain to find one to replace it.

My male clothes are not exactly "from the skin out." My feminine underwear I cling to with the tenacity of a deserving member of that sex of whom it is said:

"When she will she will,
You may depend on't;
And when she wont she wont,
And that's the end on't."

My shirts? Ah! I am very particular—"cranky," I believe, you say here—about my shirts. I frequently send them to the laundry four or five times before they suit me. They are made to order for me, and the bosoms are made two inches wider on each side than the regulation sort. I really think of getting a patent on that shirt front. The extra inches of width are loose from the body of the shirt, and I slip the braces under them. That throws out the shirt front, makes it stand full and prevents its breaking or crushing, an accident pretty sure to happen, and which always gives the wearer an unkempt appearance and causes him untold agony of spirit. My collars—I wear 13½—must glisten like the sun. I give you my word of honor, as a well-dressed man, that I never utter the least little d—n when I fasten my collar button. The same is true of my sleeve links, which, of course, being a man of foresight, I fasten before I put on my shirt. I have a pair of braces for every pair of trousers—another exhibition of what I regard as ultra masculine foresight.

And now I have come to my ties. I love my ties, and I divide my loves, for I have 750 of them, enough, if laid end to end, I hear, to go around several New York blocks. I order white lawn ties for evening wear, 500 at a time, and I never wear one the second time. No gentleman should. People have asked me if I had my ties laundered. Shades of bad dressing, never! I throw them away.

No gentleman should—I was about to say does—wear a made up tie. He should tie it himself, carelessly, if need be, never stiffly or precisely, always making one end and loop a trifle longer than the other, but he should avoid a stiff, set appearance.

The jewelry admissible for a gentleman's wear, no matter if that gentleman be a multi-millionaire, should not amount to more than $250, and that is the maximum. It includes his watch, which may be an excellent one, and yet leave a sufficient margin for sleeve links, shirt studs, pins, and his one ring, a heavy gold one, worn on the little finger of the right hand.

Of handkerchiefs there is no end. I buy mine by the gross. The newest thing is the handsome fleur de lis handkerchief of raw silk with a fleur de lis pattern woven in the body and a colored silk border a half inch in width.

As to socks I affect black silk ones, always black silk for evening wear, and for the morning and afternoon black silk with bright spots.

My wardrobe includes thirty-two suits, twenty pairs of boots, sixteen hats, fifty pairs of socks, twelve sticks, and shirts and collars more than I can count. My handsomest stick is the one presented me by Adgi Sati, a Hindoo gentleman, whom I met in London. The handle represents the body of an elephant in ivory studded with emeralds, rubies and diamonds.

The colors I affect are blues, grays and blacks. I am so sorry blues are going out, for I think there is nothing handsomer than a fine blue serge.

My idea for morning is a blue flannel suit with double breasted sack coat, a soft front shirt and turn down collar of subdued shades in plaids or stripes, tan shoes and gloves, soft felt or Alpine hat, butterfly or fan tie in Paisley shades and a small boutonniere of cornflowers or violets.

For afternoon wear in Summer a gray suit with frock coat, or, in Winter, a black frock coat and striped trousers takes my fancy. With the latter goes one of the new Spittalfields silk vests, which the Prince of Wales has recently introduced, black tie, a silk hat, gray suede gloves, and black patent leather boots, with white uppers. For evening wear the more simple and sombre the better.

The new French tie is a beauty. It is of white or black satin, with a soft large bow in front, and is much like the high silk crush collars that ladies have been wearing.

Violets or cornflowers for the morning, and pink or white carnations for afternoon and evening are the correct thing in boutonnieres.

The newest thing in the cut of coats on the other side is the pronounced point in the waistcoat and coat.

My tailor is a London man. Ah! I cannot tell you his name. He is a treasure, and there are enough male impersonators now. But this I will tell you, that on the brown paper patterns that hang on the wall in his shop are the names of the Duke of Connaught, Lord Kensington and ——

VESTA TILLEY.

Silver Buttons for Healthy Cows.

Hereafter cows in Alameda County, California, will wear silver buttons to prove that they are in good health. This has been decided upon by the health authorities. The button is about the size of a half dollar, and has engraved on its face an oak tree, surrounded by the words, "Board of Health, Alameda."

The health officers will make an inspection of all the cows in the county, and those not entitled to wear a silver button as a badge of health will be ordered put to death. The animals will first be subjected to the tuberculin test. Those that pass the test will then have their ears ornamented with the button.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON THROUGH THE BIGGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD.

THE largest, clearest photographs ever taken of the moon have been obtained by the aid of the Yerkes telescope, the greatest instrument of its kind in the world.

They prove that there is no life on the moon. This is the verdict of Professor Barnard and Professor Wadsworth, who have been investigating the moon through the Yerkes telescope at Lake Geneva, Wis. This verdict, in the opinion of scientific men, effectually disposes of the story that Professor Janssen and Professor Hansky, who have been watching the moon at the observatory at Meudon, France, had obtained ample proof that it is a living, inhabited world.

If men of less fame than Janssen and Hansky had advanced such a theory they would have been laughed into disrepute by modern astronomers, but the very eminence and acknowledged skill of these men forced a respectful consideration of their wonderful announcement.

Professor Janssen is the foremost of French astronomers, and is in charge of the famous Meudon telescope. Professor Hansky is a Russian of equally high standing in astronomical circles, and is attached to the observatory at Odessa. When these experts advance a new theory, be it ever so startling or sensational, their brother astronomers are compelled to give it at least careful consideration.

It has long been the accepted belief that the moon is merely a mammoth extinct volcano, or, more properly speaking, an aggregation of extinct volcanoes. When Professor Janssen and Professor Hansky said they had suddenly found it to be a living world astronomers were amazed. When photographs were produced in substantiation of the theory the surprise was still greater.

There are thirty of them, and, when put together, they will represent the moon's surface on a scale of thirteen feet. By these pictures the Frenchmen expect to demonstrate the existence of an atmosphere, of water and of plant life on the moon, and where these are found human life is not only possible but probable. According to Janssen and Hansky, the water on the moon takes the form of running rivers, the courses of which are distinctly visible, appearing like minute threads of silver on the landscape.

When the news of this remarkable find reached Professor Barnard he determined to at once test the accuracy of the alleged discovery through the new Yerkes telescope. "Here," he argued, "I have a glass more powerful than that in use at Meudon, and if these things exist on the moon I should be able to detect them as easily as the Frenchman and his associates."

In order to guard against error or oversight Professor Wadsworth was called in to take part in the crucial test. The investigation was made last Sunday night, when all conditions were favorable. The atmosphere was clear, the skies unclouded and the moon itself in the best possible shape. No trace of any of the things named by Janssen and Hansky could be detected. There were no signs of air, water or vegetable existence. In no manner did the surface of the moon show any new features or give indication of transformation. It was in every detail exactly as it has been seen and described for years, with the exception that the powerful glass made the peculiarities of its formation more prominent than before. The surface, as shown in the pictures taken by Professor S. W. Burnham, appears to be made up of a lot of craters of extinct volcanoes, and the material, so far as it can be distinguished, closely resembles the fused lava found on the earth.

One of the pictures taken by Professor Burnham shows the upper edge of the moon sharply and well defined. There is no trace of air, water or vegetation.

Another of the photographs taken by Professor Burnham gives a very satisfactory view of the mountainous projection or elevation known as Copernicus. In this the lava formation and extinct craters are plainly visible. The large central crater, supposed to be the mouth of the biggest of the volcanoes, is especially plain. Experts who have made a study of comparing these moon views with earthly volcanoes say the resemblance is strikingly close. The effect in looking at the Copernicus crater is much the same as would be had were it possible to anchor a balloon three or four miles above Vesuvius and peer down into the centre of

From Photograph by Prof. S. W. Burnham.

This Shows Clearly that the Moon Is Lifeless.

BEST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF THE CRATER OF THE GREAT EXTINCT VOLCANO OF THE MOON.

From Photograph by Prof. S. W. Burnham.

A View of the Mountains of the Moon.